G.I. LAFFS

"SOMEBODY STOLE THE BUGLE!"

"WHEN I SAID TO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, CAPTAIN JONES, I DIDN'T MEAN..."

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G.I. Joe in "SAVE 'IM FOR BROOKLYN"

THE GAME'S THE SAME, WHETHER IT'S WAR, POKER OR BASEBALL: THE OBJECT IS TO WIN. AND BASEBALL, BEING THE G.I.'S FAVORITE GAME NEXT TO POKER, IS PLAYED PRACTICALLY ALL SEASON LONG. PVT. MERKLE MAY NEVER HAVE BOTHERED MUCH ABOUT SHOWING IT, BUT NOBODY IN "BAKER" COMPANY WAS MORE AWARE OF THE RULES...

HEY, HOOSIER! LOOK OUT!

GIT DOWN, BABE RUTH! A COMMIE'LL NAIL YA!

BOY! WAIT'LL WE PLAY "K" COMPANY! WE'LL SLAUGHTER 'EM!

AH USTER PLAY BALL BACK IN RASSEL GROVE, KAINTUCK! SHORE WAS FUN! EASY GAME, THOUGH! MIGHTY EASY!

BASEBALL EASY? MERKLE, I BET YOU'VE NEVER EVEN ***SEEN*** A BIG LEAGUE GAME!

I'LL BET HE NEVER HEARD OF JOE DIMAGGIO!

NOPE! BUT MAH UNCLE SLADE'S A MIGHTY GOOD JUDGE, AN' HE ALLUS FAVORED THE RASSEL GROVE NINE!

UNCLE SLADE? RASSEL GROVE NINE? OH, MY ACHING...

JUMP, HOOSIER!

CRACK!

BETTER GIT LOW, HOOSIER! ONE O' THEM COMMIES MIGHT KNOW HOW TO SHOOT!

A WEEK LATER AT REST CAMP...

JOE BURCH IS PITCHING FOR THE BOMBASTS...

HE'D BETTER BE GOOD—'CAUSE THE KILLERS' PITCHER USETA PLAY IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE!

BULLETIN

BASEBALL

"B" COMPANY BOMBASTS V.S. "K" COMPANY KILLERS

PRACTICE...

WATCH THE ARM, JOE... YA DON'T WANTA THROW IT OUT! WE'RE DEPENDIN' ON YA!

IT FEELS GREAT, SARGE! I COULD GO NINE INNINGS RIGHT NOW!

RELAX! IT'S TWO DAYS BEFORE THE GAME, AN' YOU'RE THE ONLY PITCHER WE GOT! OH-OH— HERE COMES MERKLE!...

SARGE, HOW'S FER LETTIN' ME TRY OUT FER THE TEAM?

DON'T TELL ME THE *GREAT* MERKLE WANTS TO PLAY BALL WITH *US*?

OKAY, GRAB A GLOVE!

WELL, AH NEVER USED A *GLOVE* BEFO' BUT AH'M SHORE WILLIN' TER TRY!

NEVER USED A *GLOVE*? YOU'LL USE ONE AN' LIKE IT! NOW GIT OVER AN' COVER SECOND, WHILE I KNOCK YA A FEW!

THIS HUNKA PIG-HIDE FITS SORTA SNUG! AH ALLUS FELT UNCLE SLADE DIDN'T LIKE GLOVES... SORTA TOOK THE *FUN* OUTA BALL PLAYIN'!

UNCLE *SLADE*! WHO'S YER UNCLE SLADE!!! BASEBALL AIN'T BASEBALL WITHOUT A GLOVE! AN' *YOU'RE* GONNA USE ONE! NOW GIT OUT THERE AN' CATCH A FEW!

PITCH ME A PURTY ONE, JOE! LET'S SEE IF THE *GREAT* MERKLE CAN STOP IT!

RIGHT HERE, JOE, BOY! LET'S HAVE IT!

DIG IT UP, MERKLE, AN' PLAY IT HOME!

ATTA BOY, SARGE! A NICE ONE!

CRACK!

CARFUCCIO

DANGED GLOVE...! WOULDA *HAD* IT BAREHANDED!

BLOOP!

WHAT HAPPENED, MERKLE?

I AIN'T USED TO GLOVES... IT FOOLED ME!

WELL, *I* SAY YOU USE A GLOVE, UNNERSTAN'? NOW, GET OUT TO YER POSITION!

OKAY, SARGE, BUT YOU'RE SLOWIN' UP MAH GAME!

KNOCK A FEW THE *GREAT* MERKLE'S WAY, HOOSIER! HE NEEDS THE PRACTICE!

THE GAME...

THAT GUY IS FAST! SARGE, HE'S GONNA BE TOUGH TO HIT!

HE'S GOOD, BUT WE'LL MAKE HIM PITCH TO US! HE'LL HAVE TO WATCH THE CORNERS THEN!

SMACK!

BOM

INNINGS LATER... TOP HALF OF THE NINTH... BOMBASTS AT BAT...

IT'S A HOMER! ATTA BOY, BURCH!

SLAM

WOW! SEVEN TO SIX! THAT PUTS US ONE AHEAD, JOE!

YOU'RE WINNIN' YER OWN GAME, JOE BOY!

MERKLE, YOU'RE UP! THERE'S TWO AWAY, SO TRY AN' GET ON!

THREE SWINGS LATER...

YOU'RE OUT!

THAT'S THE THIRD STRIKE-OUT FOR MERKLE! THE GUY COULDN'T HIT A BALLOON WITH A TENNIS RACKET!

WE'RE ONE RUN AHEAD, SARGE! WE CAN HOLD 'EM!

SWISH!

BOMB

THIS IS THEIR LAST TIME AT BAT! BEAR DOWN ON 'EM, JOE, AN' WE'LL TAKE THE GAME!

PUT IT WHERE THEY DON'T WANT IT, JOE, BOY! THERE'S JUST THREE TO GO!

THE FIRST PITCH, AND...

IT HIT HIS PITCHIN' ARM!

SLAM!

WHEW! THAT BALL REALLY WINGED ME!

AW, YOU'LL BE OKAY IN A MINUTE!

WE'LL SOON KNOW... DOC'S ON HIS WAY OVER!

NO MORE PITCHING FOR YOU, BURCH! YOU'VE GOT A BAD BRUISE!

THERE GOES THE GAME! WE AIN'T *GOT* ANOTHER GOOD PITCHER!

I'LL PITCH ...THEY WON'T EVEN *SEE* THE BALL!

SARGE, AH KIN PITCH SOME! LEASTWISE, UNCLE SLADE ALLUS ACTED SO! HIS EYES'D SHINE LIKE A PIG'S WET SNOOT WHENEVER AH'D WANG IN A FEW!

MERKLE, IF YA PITCH LIKE YA *BAT*, Y'STAY IN THE OUTFIELD! I'LL LET YA KNOW IF I NEED ANY HELP!

MINUTES LATER: A MAN ON FIRST...A SECOND BATTER UP...

GIT A PITCHER!

...TO THE SHOWERS!

BALL FOUR!

THREE PITCHES LATER...

BALL *THREE!*

WANT TO MOVE IN A LITTLE CLOSER, MULVANEY, AN' TRY IT *UNDER-HAND?*

HOLD ON TO YER BAT, JUNIOR —CAUSE I'M GONNA KNOCK IT OUTA YER HANDS!

BALL FOUR!

NO OUTS! BASES LOADED— AN' MARTIN'S UP!

I HEARD YOU BET AGAINST "BAKER", PHIL! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA PAY OFF!!!

BASES LOADED— NO OUTS! WE GOTTA *DO* SOMETHIN', SARGE!

YOUR CONTROL'S GONE, SARGE! YOU GOTTA RELAX! HOW ABOUT MERKLE PITCHIN'?

OKAY, OKAY! THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE! LET THE *GREAT* MERKLE BRING ON THE SLAUGHTER!

MERKLE WARMS UP ON THE MOUND...

WOTTA WINDUP! HA-HA!

MY SISTER KIN THROW FASTER'N THAT!

BACK TO THE HILLS, MERKLE!

C'MON, MERKLE! LET'S SEE A *FAST* ONE!

THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY!

AH LIKES TO WARM UP KINDA SLOW-'N' SAVE THE SPEED FER THE BATTER!

KILLERS

BLOOP!

BATTER UP!

ST-STRIKE *ONE!*

HOLY CATS! I-I HARDLY *SAW* THE BALL!

WHERE'D IT GO?

SWISH!

WHACK!!

AH KNOWED AH'D GIT RUSTY...! TSK-TSK!

STRIKE *TWO!*

I-I NEVER SAW NOTHIN' *LIKE IT!!*

SMACK!

WHIFF!

BOY! WHAT *SPEED!*

STR-R-RIKE *THREE!*

DID JA SEE THAT BALL *MOVE!!* WHEW! THAT'S ONE OUT!

AW, MERKLE'S KNOCKIN' 'IMSELF OUT! JUS' WATCH, HE'LL BLOW UP!

TWO STRIKES LATER...

STRIKE THREE!

TWO AWAY ON SIX PITCHES! THIS GUY MERKLE'S GOOD!

SO GOOD HE MIGHT COST YOU SOME DOUGH!

WHAM!

NICE GOIN', MERKLE! ONLY ONE MORE TO GO!

AH'M A MITE RUSTY, JOE, BUT AH'LL LOOSEN UP!

STOP TRYIN' TO SHOW OFF, OR YOU'LL THROW YER ARM OUT AN' BLOW THE GAME!

GLAD Y'CALLED TIME, SARGE! MY HAND FEELS LIKE CHOPPED BEEF!

BOMBASTS

SECONDS LATER...

YOU'RE OUT!

THE BOMBASTS WIN!

WOTTA GAME!

WHACK!

LOOKIT MY HAND! ON *NINE* PITCHED BALLS! I CAN HARDLY *MOVE* IT!

BETTER HAVE THE DOC TAKE A LOOK AT IT, CARP!

MERKLE, THAT WAS GREAT PITCHIN'!

YA HAD TO BEAR DOWN AN' THROW YER ARM OUT! Y'WON'T BE GOOD FER ANY DETAILS FER A WEEK!

SHUCKS, SARGE ... AH AIN'T WARMED UP TILL AFTER AH'VE THROWED FOUR OR FIVE INNINGS!

HI, MERKLE BOY! YOU GOT A POWERFUL ARM, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE A *RIGHT* HANDER!

AH AM! BUT AH CUT MAH FINGER, SO AH HAD T'USE MAH LEFT!

THREE DAYS LATER...

WITH ME MANAGING YOU, MERKLE, YOU'LL BE THE GREATEST PITCHER IN THE WORLD!

SHUCKS, PHIL — MONEY DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' TO UNCLE SLADE... 'SIDES, HE DON'T LIKE TO TRAVEL!

AW, FORGET YER UNCLE SLADE!

BASEBALL AIN'T *FUN* 'THOUT UNCLE SLADE! SQUIRREL-HUNTIN' NEITHER! HE LIKED ME TO HIT 'EM IN THE HEAD! ROCKS KIN MESS UP THE FUR!

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU CAN HIT A *SQUIRREL* BY AIMIN' A *ROCK* AT ITS *HEAD*?

SHORE... CAN'T SELL THE PELTS EFFEN Y'HIT 'EM ANYWHERE ELSE! CUTS 'EM UP SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE!

I DON'T GET IT! WHY DON'CHA USE A GUN?

GUNS MAKE FER HEAVY HUNTIN'... 'SIDES, USIN' ROCKS Y'KIN CARRY HOME MORE SQUIRRELS!

MERKLE, I THINK YOU'RE GIVIN' ME SOME TENNESSEE MALARKY! I'LL BET...

HEY, YOU GUYS, DIG INTO THOSE SPUDS! CHOW'S AN HOUR AWAY!

MEANWHILE, A FEW TENTS AWAY...

SOMETHIN'S UP, JOE! THE LOOTENANT JUST GOT A DISPATCH FROM HEADQUARTERS!

WONDER IF IT'S BAD NEWS!

THAT NIGHT...

MULVANEY, CALL THE MEN! WE'RE MOVING UP! HAVE TO BE ON THE ROAD IN AN HOUR! TRANSPORTATION IS SENDING TRUCKS!

OKAY, LOOTENANT...

BATTLE BOUND...

MERKLE, WITH *ME* AS YOUR MANAGER, YOU COULD PITCH ON ANY TEAM IN THE COUNTRY!

BUT AH NEVER HEARED O'BROOKLYN... 'SIDES, AH PITCH FER THE RASSLE GROVE NINE, ELSEWISE UNCLE SLADE WOULDN'T LIKE IT!

HOURS LATER...

WE'LL SET UP HERE, MULVANEY! GET THE TRUCKS OUT BEFORE THEY'RE SPOTTED! AS SOON AS YOU'RE DUG IN, REPORT TO ME WITH THREE MEN!

YES, SIR!

LATER...

...AND BY COVERING THIS AREA, YOU'LL GET AN IDEA OF ENEMY POSITIONS! GET AS MUCH DATA AS POSSIBLE! MARK LOCATIONS CAREFULLY... *BUT*...

...*BE ON THE ALERT!* THERE ARE COMMIE SQUADS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

ON COMMUNIST TERRITORY...

IF WE GET SPOTTED, TRY TO SETTLE IT WITH A BAYONET— GUN-FIRE ATTRACTS ATTENTION!

PICK UP YER FEET, MERKLE! YA SOUND LIKE A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!

MIKE'S RIGHT! YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE COMMIE ARMY ON OUR NECKS, MERKLE! WATCH IT!

AW! LAY OFF MERKLE!

EFFEN YOU'D LISTEN TER YERSELVES, YOU'DA NEVER HEARD **ME!**

SECONDS LATER...

HEY, MIKE — WHAT HAPPENED TO MERKLE?

HE DROPPED HIS CANTEEN AN' WENT BACK TO GET IT! I TRIED TO--

敵兵！止！

REDS!

AH RECKON AH'M GOIN' T'DO ME A LITTLE SQUIRREL HUNTIN'!

UNNNH...!

THUD!

MOMENTS LATER...

THUD!!

FINALLY, BACK AT CAMP...

...AN' THE NEXT THING WE KNEW, SIR, MERKLE WAS DROPPING THE REDS WITH *ROCKS!* I-I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WAS ALMOST TWO HUNDRED FEET AWAY!

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR RIFLE, MERKLE?

AH FIGGERED GUN-FIRE'D ONLY BRING OUT MORE REDS, SIR! 'SIDES, AH'M MORE NATCHERAL WITH ROCKS!

WELL, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, MERKLE, YOU CAN KEEP *ON* USING ROCKS! THAT IS UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES...

UNCLE SLADE SHORE WILL BE GLAD T'HEAR THAT! MAW READS ALL MAH LETTERS TO 'IM!

CAN'T YOUR UNCLE SLADE READ?

I'LL BET HE CAN'T READ *OR* WRITE!

SHUCKS, WE DIDN'T NEVER EXPECT UNCLE SLADE TER READ 'N' WRITE! HE JES' LIKES BASEBALL 'N' SQUIRRELS!...

YER UNCLE SLADE MUST BE QUITE A GUY! LIKE TO MEET 'IM SOMEDAY!

SHUCKS! DIDN'T AH NEVER SHOW YA UNCLE SLADE'S PITCHER? 'COURSE, IT'S KINDA DOG-EARED!...

...BUT THEN SO'S UNCLE SLADE! HE'S THE BEST DURNED HOUN' DAWG IN RASSLE COUNTY!!! NAMED 'IM AFTER MAW'S BROTHER, SLADE, WHO DIED ADRINKIN' FERMENTED 'TATER JUICE!

SOME DAYS LATER...

SAY, WHERE'S MULVANEY? HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE BROUGHT THOSE COMMIES IN!

POOR SARGE! I GUESS HE JUST CAN'T FACE ANYONE ANY MORE AFTER WHAT HE SAID ABOUT MERKLE!

YEAH! WELL, THIS IS *ONE* TIME MULVANEY AIN'T GONNA GET THAT BIG FOOT OF HIS OUTA HIS MOUTH!

SERVES HIM RIGHT, HE...

LOOK OUT!

ZING!

HOW'M I DOIN', MERKLE? (PUFF) ANY BETTER?

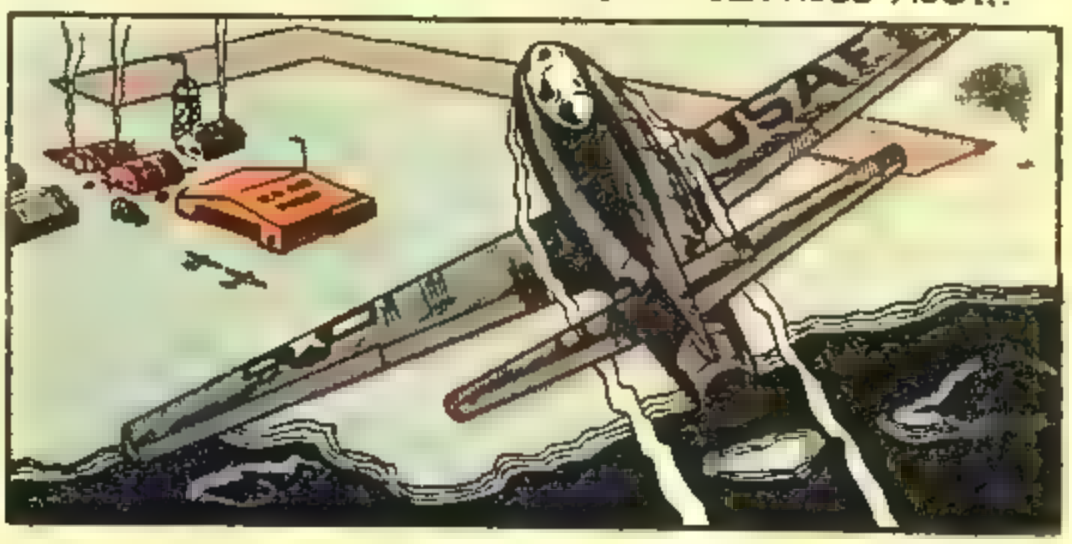
KEEP A-WORKIN' AT IT, SARGE! YUH'LL GET THAR ALL RIGHT! YUP! A COUPLA MORE THOUSAND ROCKS AN' YUH'LL GET THAR!

The End

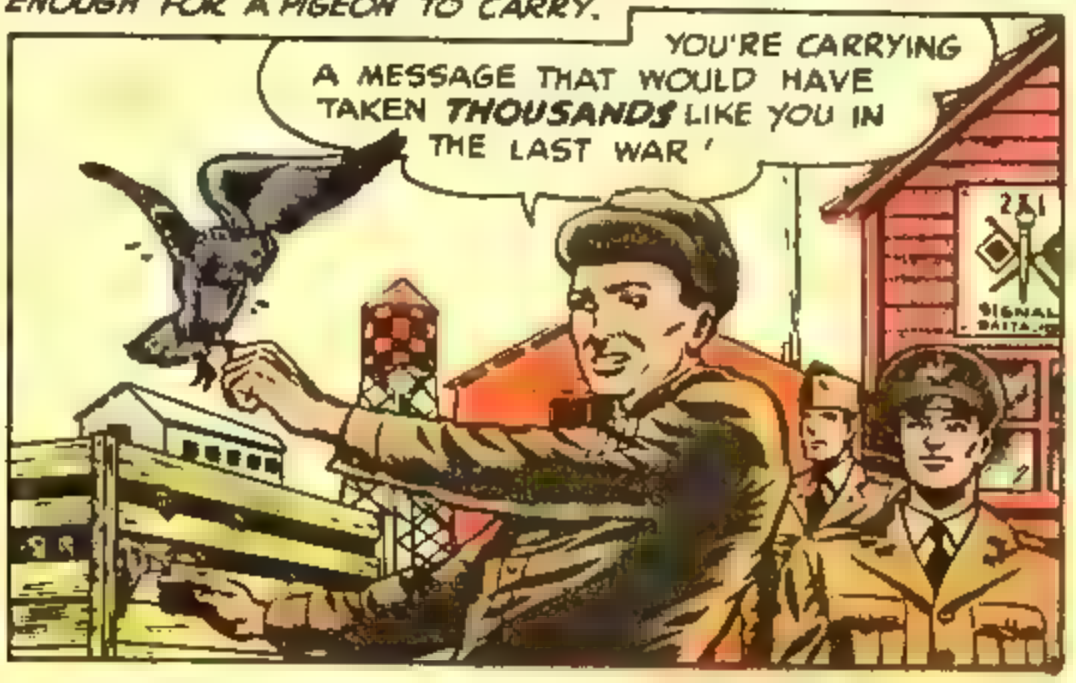
G.I. FACTS and FIGURES

THE NAVY IS TESTING A ONE-MAN ROCKET POWERED HELICOPTER OF LIMITED CRUISING RANGE. IT WEIGHS LESS THAN 100 POUNDS AND WILL ENABLE THE "PILOT" TO LAND OR TAKE OFF ON HIS FEET. DETAILED SPECIFICATIONS HAVE NOT BEEN RELEASED FOR SECURITY REASONS...

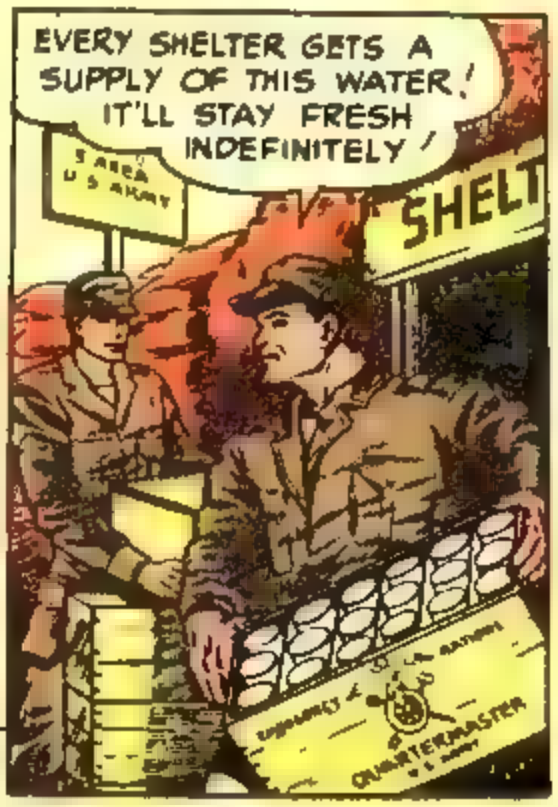
PLANS FOR AIR BASES AND WEATHER STATIONS ON NATURAL FLOATING ISLANDS OF ICE JUST TWO HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF THE NORTH POLE ARE ALREADY ON U.S. AIR FORCE DRAFTING TABLES. THESE ISLANDS WILL BE KNOWN AS T-1, T-2 AND T-3, AND ARE BELIEVED TO BE PIECES OF GLACIERS WHICH BROKE LOOSE AND SLID INTO THE SEA AGES AGO...



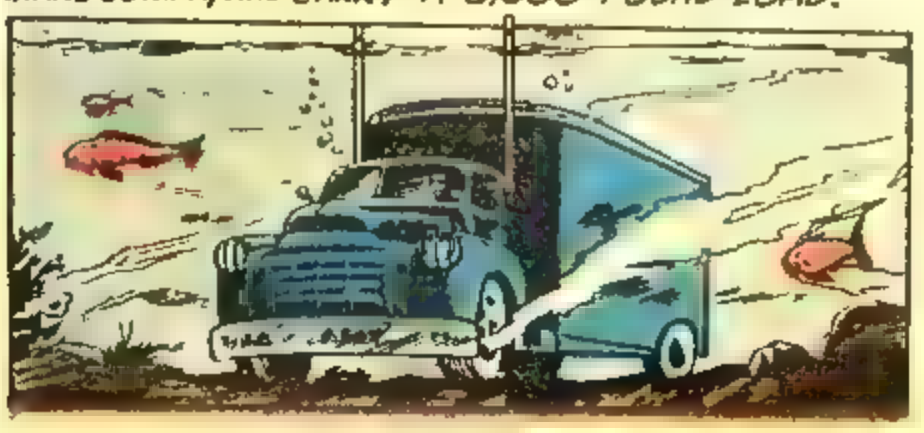
THE SIGNAL CORPS HAS INVENTED A SOUND FILM SO THIN THAT 36,000 WORDS CAN BE RECORDED ON A STRIP LIGHT ENOUGH FOR A PIGEON TO CARRY.



THE ARMED FORCES NOW PURCHASE 150,000 CANS OF EMERGENCY DRINKING WATER PREPARED BY A TOP SECRET PROCESS. THE CANS CAN BE TAKEN TO AREAS WHERE LOCAL WATER IS IMPURE OR WHERE BOMBINGS OR EXPLOSIONS HAVE CONTAMINATED WATER SUPPLIES. CANS CAN BE DROPPED BY PARACHUTE AND WILL FLOAT IN WATER. BECAUSE WATER IS STERILIZED IN CAN IT IS EXCELLENT FOR FIRST AID.



THE NEWEST GIMMICK DEVELOPED BY THE U.S. ARMY IS A "SNORKEL TRUCK" WHICH IS COMPLETELY SEALED AND WATERPROOFED, ENABLING IT TO CROSS THE BOTTOMS OF RIVERS AT SEVEN MPH. TWO LONG PIPES EXTEND ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, ONE FOR THE INTAKE THE OTHER FOR EXHAUST. THE DRIVER NEED MERELY ADJUST A SIMPLE DIVER-LIKE BREATHING DEVICE FOR HIMSELF AND DRIVE THE TRUCK RIGHT INTO A RIVER UP TO A DEPTH OF ABOUT ELEVEN FEET. ON LAND THE TRUCK CAN MAKE 60 MPH, AND CARRY A 5,000-POUND LOAD.



THE SCRIBBLER'S FIRST MISSION

PRIVATE BOB YATES felt the hard stare of Sergeant Guptill, boss of "Charlie" Company, boring straight through him. On every side he could feel the equally-cold glances of other members of Charlie Company

It was all too clear that he was about as popular an arrival as a case of trench foot.

"Headquarters tells me you're assigned to Charlie Company as a scribbler," Guptill said in a cold, metallic voice

"I'm attached to your company as a combat correspondent," corrected the thin, sickly-looking rookie, returning the friendless stare with one of determination

"Charlie Company ain't lookin' for publicity!" the sergeant said lifting his helmet from an ammo crate "We got a reputation of standing on our own. This is no glory outfit, scribbler Save the newspaper malarkey for somebody else."

Private Yates, for all of his three days in Korea, stiffened at the blast of the combat-hardened sergeant

"What I write," replied the rookie quietly, "is the concern of Headquarters Public Relations Unit and nobody else I'm ready to carry my share of the combat load "

Sergeant Guptill pulled a cigarette from his waterproof pack and lit it

"You'll start pulling your weight for Charlie Company tonight, Yates. I'm sending you out on recon party up Hill 227!".

It was cold up on the heights that faced Hill 227 as Private Yates, along with Corporal Dolan and PFC Reynolds, faced Guptill for instructions.

"Intelligence has got reason to expect a counter-attack by the Reds from over the summit at dawn tomorrow," he was saying in a low, rasping voice. "We're going to beat them to the punch with an uphill push tonight at midnight."

Private Yates swallowed hard as the sergeant continued

"We want to sound out the ridges for burp-gun nests. Artillery will give you support as soon as you draw fire. Pass the word by walkie-talkie!"

Yates looked at the weary faces of Dolan and Reynolds, who were nodding methodically. His newspaper training told him that these were men who could be trusted to do the dirty work. The lines around their eyes and mouths reflected the experiences gained in a hundred previous missions just like this one.

Bob Yates had been assigned to Public Relations, but he was no greenhorn in the ways of infantry warfare. Ten months on maneuvers in the states before his transfer to Public Relations had beaten into him the ABC's of valley and mountain fighting.

And now as he inched his way up the heavily-wooded heights between Reynolds and Dolan he was putting his training to good use. Even though he moved as stealthily and noiselessly as they did, he could feel their hostility toward him. If things got hot, he was just dead weight as far as they were concerned.

They paused at the shelf indicated as Point X-Ray on the Command Post map, for a final breather

"Where'd you say you came from?" asked Dolan. There was no enthusiasm in his voice

"Chicago."

"As far as we're concerned you're still in Chicago," grunted Dolan. "Don't get any ideas of your own about fighting this war You don't fight with a pencil. Watch us and do like we do, or you're a dead duck."

Bob Yates only nodded, but inwardly he burned at the scorn in Dolan's voice. What could he do to make these old-timers warm up to him?

It was now less than a hundred feet to the top of the ridge. They were inching their way to a point between the two markers where Headquarters Intelligence had indicated that two burp-gun nests were located.

As they halted, Reynolds drew a grenade from his belt, handed it to the rookie and pointed to the upper left-hand target area. He handed another hot egg to Dolan and pointed to he right-hand target. From the heights above they could hear the low Chinese voices muttering. The Reds weren't wise yet.

Yates felt his stomach tighten. He was going to have plenty to scribble about—if he ever lasted out his first assignment—with Charlie Company.

PFC Reynolds had his Browning Automatic Rifle cradled in readiness now as he nodded to his two pitchers.

"Give it to 'em when I count three," he whispered. In an even lower tone he breathed into his walkie-talkie:

"Stand by, High Jinks!"

That was the word for artillery.

As Reynolds counted three, Yates and Dolan, moving as one man, pulled the pins and hurled their messages of death.

Twin eruptions rocked the heights. Flame and sound competed for supremacy where the two burp-gun nests were alleged to be.

At the same instant Reynolds opened up with his BAR, spraying the two locations with a relentless fusillade of bullets.

There was a whoosh of air, and big explosions over the ridge. Artillery was delivering its barrage overhead.

Twice more Yates and Dolan pitched their grenades. Twice more the ridge reverberated. There was no returning gunfire.

Yates reached for his carbine to increase the fusillade, and all at once there was a blinding explosion that spun the rookie halfway around, and knocked him flat on his back. He saw the gun fly out of Reynolds' hands as the other pitched forward. Dolan was clutching at his stomach and moaning.

Yates seized the fallen automatic rifle, swung it to his left and opened fire. He heard a cry of pain and then for a moment, there was silence.

He'd guessed right. The Reds had planted a sniper to flank their lookout posts in case of infiltration. One more grenade from this lookout might've finished them.

Suddenly a deadly raking gunfire poured down from the ridge at a new point. They'd shifted gunpoints, trying to outguess an Allied raid. He dived quickly behind a ledge, dragging he moaning Dolan behind him. But one look at Reynolds told him the PFC would pour no more volleys for Charlie Company.

Ripping open an aid kit, Yates poured sulfa powder into Dolan's wounds and bandaged them as well as he could.

Another grenade shook the ground nearby. The machine gun fire picked up. New burp gun nests were springing into action all along the ridge. There must have been a half-dozen spots Headquarters had never heard of.

The Reds were surging out their nests, ready to wipe out the raiding party.

Before he knew what he was doing, the rookie picked up the BAR and charged uphill, firing as fast as the weapon could pour slugs.

He felt stabs of pain in his arm and leg, but he didn't stop . . . not until the charging horde of Reds had been cleaned out.

The Red charge had been broken. But they had to be smashed and driven back before they could regroup. The path must be cleared for that Allied offensive at midnight.

Scurrying back to the ledge where Dolan lay, he grabbed the walkie-talkie once more

"Okay, High Jinks!" he barked "Bring the hot stuff down another fifty feet. Just give us thirty seconds to clear out . . ."

He remembered vaguely slinging the limp Dolan over his shoulder, and staggering back down the mountainside. He followed the trail of the stream until he reached the Command Post. In the background the mountain was rocking to the now solid-barrage being laid down by "High Jinks." They had the burp-gun nests zeroed in as per Yates' instructions. That was all he remembered

When he opened his eyes he was aware of Sergeant Guptill, staring down at him. But there was no cold look in the Sergeant's eyes now

"You saved the day for Charlie Company, Yates," Guptill was saying. "But where did you ever dream up that one-man offensive? Dolan told me all about it."

Private Bob Yates, no longer a rookie, grinned.

"Newspaper man," he whispered faintly, "used to be a police reporter in Chicago."

THE END

The YARDBIRDS in SERVICE IN THE SERVICE

HEY, YARDBIRDS! I GOT A SWELL ASSIGNMENT FOR YA! I WANTCHA TO INSPECT *ALL* THE MESS HALLS! C'MON— THE TRUCK'S WAITIN'!

BOY! INSPECTOR GENERALS, THAT'S US!

HERE WE COME, SGT. GRUFF, SIR!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- FOR ONCE GRUFF'S GIVIN' US AN EASY JOB!

DE CARLO AND LAPICK

"COLONEL FUMES' BETTER HALF THOUGHT SHE HAD THE SERVANT PROBLEM LICKED WHEN SHE COLLARED PRIVATES WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS TO COOK AND SERVE DINNER FOR *SOME* ARMY BRASS. SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT EVEN A BAKED POTATO IN THE HANDS OF THE *YARDBIRDS* CAN BE A SECRET WEAPON!"

YA DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSER! *INSPECTORS,* HAH!

C'MON, SNAP INTO IT! YOU GOT 1237 MORE GARBAGE CANS TO GO!

SERGEANT! I HAVE A DETAIL FOR THOSE TWO NICE YOUNG MEN!

GARBAGE

COL FUMES

THEY'VE JUST SHIPPED MY COOK AND BUTLER OVERSEAS AND I HAVE AN IMPORTANT DINNER TONIGHT!

YOU WANT THEM CREEPS... I MEAN CHAPS... MRS. FUMES, YA WELCOME TO 'EM! ... *PLENTY WELCOME!*

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN MRS. FUMES' KITCHEN . . .

YOU LOOK SPLENDID! YOU SEE, COLONEL FUMES AND I ARE HAVING A VERY IMPORTANT DINNER TONIGHT... *TWO GENERALS!*

OH, SWELL! HOW DO YOU WANT THEM COOKED?

SOME ROAST, HUH, WHITEY?

THAT'S NOTHIN'! *I'M* GONNA BAKE A CAKE!

CAKE, HUH? WHAT KIND OF A RECIPE YOU USING?

THE RECIPE FER THIS HERE CAKE WAS HANDED TO ME BY MY GRANDMOTHER! I CARRY THE FORMULA IN MY *HEAD!*

BOYS! THE GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED! COME IN AND FIX THE DRINKS!

FIX? ALL YOU NEED'S A BOTTLE AND A GLASS!

WHAT'S THE GLASS FOR?

WHAT KIND OF A COCKTAIL IS THIS, HICKS?

THAT'S A BAZOOKA, SIR! IT'S LIKE A MOSCOW MULE, EXCEPT THAT YOU USE GUNPOWDER INSTEAD OF MINT LEAVES!

GA-A-AH!

IT'S LIQUID FIRE!

SPLURFF!

SEVERAL BAZOOKAS LATER...

THAT'S NOT A BAD DRINK, LAD! STRONG, BUT TASTY...ONCE YOU GET IT DOWN! NOW, GENERAL, AS I WAS SAYING...

THE QUICKEST WAY TO LICK THE ENEMY IS TO WORK OUT A SECRET WEAPON THAT'LL BLOW 'EM ALL UP AT ONCE...

BAH! YOU'RE ALL WET!

WHAM!

THE WAY TO LICK THE ENEMY IS TO ***TIE HIM DOWN,*** SO THAT HIS ENTIRE FORCE IS UNABLE TO MAKE A MOVE! LIKE THIS, SEE?

HEH! HEH! VERY INTERESTING POINT, SIR!

CRUNCH!

FIRST PIN THE ENEMY DOWN, THEN WORK HIM OVER! ***YOU'VE GOT HIM!*** ISN'T THAT RIGHT, FUMES?

YES SIR! (GASP!) THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!

YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, FUMES! THAT'S AN INTERESTING IDEA OF YOURS, GENERAL... EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...***IT CAN'T BE DONE!***

THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH ***YOU*** KNOW! THE ENEMY ***CAN BE PINNED DOWN! AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!***

WHAT HAVE I SAID? I ***DON'T*** KNOW HOW TO DO IT! ***NOBODY DOES!***

YOU SAY YOU CAN DO IT... ***I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PROVE IT!***

BREAK IT UP, FELLAS! SOUP'S ON! I MEAN-- ***DINNER IS SERVED!***

MRS. FUMES' DINNER GETS OFF TO A FLYING START...

WOULD YOU MIND SERVING ME MY SALAD UNDRESSED?

ULP!! YES'M!

I HOPE I'M UNDRESSED ENOUGH TO SUIT YOU, MA'AM!

EEEK!

HE'S A NUDIST! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

HEY! HEADS UP, EVERYBODY!

IT'S HOT!

HA! HA! HA! HE PINNED YOU DOWN, GENERAL! GET IT? PINNED YOU DOWN! HA! HA! HA!

PERMIT ME, GENERAL!

BLAST IT, FUMES! I'M BEING INCINERATED!

YOW! HELP!

COURAGE, MA'AM! HELP'S A-COMIN'!

SSSSTTT!

THERE, NOW! DON'T THAT FEEL BETTER?

EE-YEOW!

THEY'RE MURDERERS! AFTER 'EM!

BLOW 'EM UP!

NONSENSE! PIN 'EM DOWN!

SSSSTT!

HELP!

WE'RE STUCK! WE'RE PINNED DOWN!!

PINNED DOWN?

BLAM!

DON'T STAND THERE TASTING US! DO SOMETHING!

CAKE BATTER! AND IT PINNED THEM DOWN!

THOSE MEN HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW SECRET WEAPON TO PIN THE ENEMY DOWN! I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM! THEY'RE HEROES!

CAD YOU DO SUBTHIG ABOUT US FUDST?

BLUG

GLUB!

A-ROO-O

THEY'LL NEVER FIND US HERE, WHITEY!

NO? DO YOU HEAR WHAT *I* HEAR? *BLOODHOUNDS!*

THE HOUNDS GOT THEIR TRAIL NOW, GENERAL! WE'LL HAVE 'EM IN A MINUTE!

REMEMBER! DON'T TOUCH A HAIR OF THEIR HEADS! THESE TWO GENIUSES ARE GOING TO BE COMMISSIONED AS COLONELS IN THE CHEMICAL CORPS! AMERICA NEEDS THEM!

I'VE RECOMMENDED YOU LADS FOR COMMISSIONS AND DECORATIONS! QUICKLY! THE RECIPE FOR THE CAKE YOU WERE BAKING!

YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S CAKE RECIPE! GIVE IT TO HIM, WHITEY! *WE'RE IN!*

HUH? CAKE? HUH?

THE RECIPE FOR THAT CAKE OF YOURS! IT CAN PIN DOWN AN ENTIRE ENEMY FORCE! YOU'VE DISCOVERED THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL *SECRET WEAPON!*

RECIPE? UH---LE'S SEE--- UH---YEAST - UH--GOSH, I *FORGOT* IT!

TWO WEEKS LATER . . .

THAT'S MY ORDERS! YOU GUYS STAY HERE TILL YOU REMEMBER THAT CAKE RECIPE!

PLEASE TRY AGAIN, WHITEY! *PUH-LEEZ!!*

SIX POUNDS OF YEAST--- A HANDFUL OF RAISINS, TWO CUPS OF GUN-POWDER-- NOPE, THAT AIN'T IT! GEE, IT JUST SEEMS TO HAVE SKIPPED MY MIND!

KITCHEN PENAL STOCKADE #5

THE END

Flying Jack-of-All-Trades

ON SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1939 A CENTURIES-OLD IDEA CAME TRUE WHEN MAN ACCOMPLISHED THE FEAT OF FLYING STRAIGHT UP. AMERICA'S FIRST PRACTICAL ***HELICOPTER*** BECAME REALITY. TWO YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS LATER, THE FIRST HELICOPTER DESIGNED FOR THE ARMY AIR FORCES MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT ...

GENTLEMEN, MARK MY WORDS! THE HELICOPTER BEGINS A NEW ERA IN MILITARY WARFARE!

THE HELICOPTER WAS NOT USED UNDER FIRE IN WORLD WAR II, BUT IT WAS TESTED THOROUGHLY. THEN, WHEN WAR CAME TO KOREA...

WE'RE ORGANIZING A SPECIAL HELICOPTOR SQUADRON FOR RESCUE WORK AND ANY OTHER TASKS THEY CAN THROW OUR WAY! THE REDS ARE IN FOR SOME SURPRISES WHEN THEY SEE OUR ***SIKORSKI S-51'S!***

THE HELICOPTER SOON PROVED ITS WORTH IN RESCUING WOUNDED AND ISOLATED MEN ...

TAKE IT EASY, BOY! THEY'LL HAVE YOU AT THE BASE HOSPITAL IN NO TIME!

RESCUE

THE NAVY'S USE OF HELICOPTERS HAS RELEASED DESTROYERS FROM ESCORT AND GUARD DUTY...

HEY! YOU GUYS ARE ON THE BALL! I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO GET WET YET!

US MARINES

TACTICALLY, THE HELICOPTER HAS BEEN INDISPENSABLE ...

RADIO THE BASE THAT THE RED LEFT FLANK IS BEING REINFORCED. THEN WE'LL HEAD DOWN THE LINE AND LAY THAT CABLE FOR THE QUARTERMASTER!

EARLY IN 1951 THE H-19 (SIKORSKY S-55) WAS DEVELOPED AND PUT INTO SERVICE. CAPABLE OF CARRYING 10 PASSENGERS, IT LENT ITSELF PERFECTLY TO TROOP TRANSPORT. ON OCTOBER 11, 1951, IN KOREA, A ***FULL BATTALION OF MARINES*** WAS TRANSPORTED FROM ONE FIGHTING AREA TO ANOTHER, ***BY HELICOPTER!***

THE RESCUE OF MORE THAN 3,000 GI'S IN KOREA HAS PROVEN THE VALUE OF THE HELICOPTER. ITS PEACETIME POSSIBILITIES ARE UNLIMITED. MAIL CARRYING, FIRE-FIGHTING, POLICE-PATROL, LIFE-GUARD DUTY, ETC! THE GI'S OF KOREA WILL NEVER FORGET THE ***FLYING JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES!***

THE END

HEY, GUYS!

THE WINNERS OF THE *BIG G. I. JOE CONTEST*, WHICH ENDED DECEMBER 9TH, WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

G·I·Joe

ON SALE MARCH 10TH. ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO RESERVE YOUR COPY!

PVT. WOES

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24 19 2, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3 1 3 AND J LY 2 1 T 39 Unit d States Code Sec ... SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF G. I JOE, published monthly at Chicago I ... for October 1 19 2

1 The names and addresses of the publisher ... managing editor and business managers are Publisher Z ff Davis Publishing Company 185 North Wabash Avenue Chicago 1 ... Editor Ric ff ... 185 North Wabash Avenue New York ... New York Business manager ... 185 North Wabash Avenue New York ...

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C. F. CARNEY
...

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of Sep ... 52.
(SEAL.)
Irving L. Jacobson
Notary Public, State of New York
(My commission expires March 30, 1953.)

G.I. Joe in

JOE TURNS FROGMAN

A SOLDIER NEVER KNOWS WHERE HIS DUTY MAY TAKE HIM. JOE BURCH, SERVING IN KOREA, COULDN'T DREAM THE STRANGE ASSIGNMENT THAT WAS TO TAKE HIM BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SEA. JOE'S WEIRDEST ADVENTURE STARTED WHEN CAPTAIN EUGENE KING GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO LIEUTENANT PARKER OF "BAKER" COMPANY...

—G-2 GIVES THIS ASSIGNMENT HIGHEST PRIORITY, LIEUTENANT! WE'VE **GOT** TO LOCATE THE COMMIE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY THAT'S BEEN DOWNING OUR PLANES!

I'LL PUT MULVANEY AND BURCH ON IT RIGHT AWAY, SIR! THEY FOUGHT OVER THAT TERRAIN LAST YEAR! IF ANY TWO MEN CAN FIND THAT HIDDEN BATTERY, ***THEY*** CAN!

A SUBMARINE WILL LAND YOU BEHIND THE COMMIE LINES! REMEMBER -- YOU'RE TO ***PINPOINT THE BATTERY*** FOR OUR BOMBERS -- DON'T TRY TO FIGHT THEM YOURSELF! ***THAT'S AN ORDER!***

DID YOU SAY A-A ***SUB,*** SIR? (GULP) Y-YES, SIR!

WHAT'LL I DO, JOE? I'M SCARED STIFF OF SMALL PLACES! CAN'T EVEN GO INTO A TELEPHONE BOOTH! AND NOW... ***A SUB!***

WE'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON, SARGE! THEY'RE WAITIN' TO CAST OFF!

SGT. MULVANEY AND PRIVATE BURCH REPORTING, SIR!

FINE! WE'LL CAST OFF IMMEDIATELY! MACPHERSON! YOU AND TEMOPOLIS SHOW THESE MEN TO THEIR BUNKS!

GLAD T'HAVE YA ABOARD! JUST CALL ME RUNT-- AND THIS IS TOODLES!

THE SUBMARINE "PELAGIC" SETS OFF TO LAND TWO G.I.'S BEHIND ENEMY LINES...

THANKS, BUSTER! HERE-- BUY YOURSELF SOME WATERWINGS!

YOU TRYIN' TO BE FUNNY? C'MON -- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOU TO MESS!

LOOK! STEAK, FRENCH FRIES--ICE CREAM! IN THE INFANTRY, WE GET K RATIONS--- BOILED, FRIED AND SCRAMBLED! YEP! THE POOR DOGFACES'RE FIGHTIN' *THIS* WAR!

KNOCK IT OFF, MATE! YOU WANT I SHOULD PIN A MEDAL ON YA?

TOODLES, THAT CHARACTER COULD BECOME A MENACE! WHADDAYA SAY WE GIVE HIM THE OLD SHUDDUP TREATMENT?

YA! PUT 'IM IN WIT' THE TORPEDOES!

RIGHT IN HERE'S THE LOUNGE, SARGE! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

DON'T WORRY, GOB-- I WILL!

SLAM!

HEY! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE! LEMME OUT! JOE! JOE!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

I WAS DYIN' IN THERE! WHERE'S THAT RUNT?

LEMME AT 'IM! I'LL KILL THE JOKER!

YOU AN WHO ELSE, DOGFACE?

HEY BREAK IT UP! THE SKIPPER WANTS TO SEE THE TWO DOGGIES!

WE'RE COMING IN, MEN... IT'S 0500 HOURS — STILL DARK OUTSIDE! YOU PADDLE IN USING THIS RUBBER BOAT! WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AT 2100 HOURS! GOOD LUCK!

THE TWO GI'S HEAD FOR SHORE IN A SMALL BOAT..

ONCE ASHORE, JOE AND MULVANEY START EXPLORING A FAMILIAR TERRAIN...

I DUG THIS FOXHOLE BACK IN '51, REMEMBER, SARGE? HERE'S WHERE WE STOOD OFF THAT SUICIDE ATTACK!

I DON'T WANNA BREAK UP YOUR SWEET MEMORIES, BUT LET'S GET *OUTA* HERE!

WOW! MY FEET HURT! WE'VE BEEN TRAMPIN' FOR HOURS!

REMEMBER THIS PLACE? HERE'S WHERE WE CAPTURED THAT COMMIE COLONEL... *HEY!* WHAT'S THAT DOWN THERE?

MULVANEY! DOWN THERE, WHERE THE COMMIE CP USED TO BE! LOOK!

I GOTTA GOOD MIND TO TOSS THIS DOWN ON 'EM!

HOLD IT, SARGE! REMEMBER THE LOOT'S INSTRUCTIONS!

OH-OH! THERE'S A PATROL COMIN'!

CLANK!

RR-RUMBLE-BLE!

THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! WELL, C'MON, SARGE— WE BETTER GET BACK!

YEAH! MAYBE I CAN GET IN SOME SACK TIME! I C'N SURE USE IT!

ONCE BACK AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS JOE AND MULVANEY WAIT UNTIL...

MULVANEY! WAKE UP! THE SUB'S HERE! THERE'S THE SIGNAL!

HURRY UP! THE SKIPPER'S WAITIN' FOR YA! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

YOU'LL FIND THE COORDINATES ON THIS MAP, SIR! WE GOT THE COMMIE BATTERY PINPOINTED GOOD!

WELL DONE, SERGEANT! YOU BETTER GET SOME REST AFT!

OH, IT'S YOU, JOKER! C'MERE! I GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!

ANY TIME, DOGFACE! ANY TIME!

SUDDENLY, WITH A SHRIEK OF TORTURED METAL, THE SUB SHUDDERS TO A HALT...

CRASH!

TRAPPED! THE ANTI-SUBMARINE NET HAS CAUGHT A GLEAMING METAL MONSTER!

THE NET'S OVER TH' CONNING TOWER, SIR -- AN' WE CAN'T OPEN THE ESCAPE HATCHES MORE'N A FOOT!

A FOOT! NOBODY CAN GET THROUGH THAT!

I CAN, SIR! I'M THE SMALLEST MAN ABOARD!

CLAD ONLY IN A DIVING HELMET, RUNT SQUIRMS THROUGH THE HATCH, CARRYING AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH...

THE MAGIC OF OXY-ACETYLENE, WHICH BURNS UNDER WATER, ENABLES RUNT TO CUT AWAY THE NET!

AS TENSE MINUTES PASS, RUNT CUTS THROUGH THE METAL STRANDS. AND THEN -- A MINE, LOADED WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE, BREAKS FREE!

LOOK! THAT MINE!"

DUCK, JOE! IT'S GONNA EXPLODE!

MIRACULOUSLY, THE MINE FLOATS FREE! ITS DETONATING SPINES MISS THE SUB!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MULVANEY... RUNT'S BACK AT WORK! Y'KNOW--THERE'S A GUY WITH GUTS!

PHEWWWW!... THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR MY IRISH TICKER!

THE NET IS CUT-- THE SUB IS FREE! AND THEN, OUT OF THE MURKY WATERS, ATTRACTED BY THE TORCH'S FLARE, A MONSTER SHARK ATTACKS!

A CRASHING BLOW FROM THE POWERFUL TAIL, AND RUNT IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS--AN EASY PREY FOR THE KILLER!

WHAP!

JOE! WHERE YOU GOIN'? SOME-BODY'S GOT TO SAVE RUNT! I'VE GOTTA GET TO THAT HATCH!

MAYBE I CAN USE THIS!

BUT THE FURY OF THE SHARK'S ATTACK TEARS THE TORCH FROM JOE'S HANDS!

WHAM!

HIS SENSES REELING, ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS FOR LACK OF AIR, JOE HURLS THE GRENADE INTO THE SHARK'S GAPING JAWS!

THEN AS RUNT RECOVERS

BAM!

NO DIVING HELMET! I GOTTA GET HIM BACK IN THE SUB, OR HE'LL *DROWN!*

ONCE INSIDE THE SUBMARINE...

JOE! JOE! SPEAK TO ME! JOE!

KOFF! KOFF!

WHEW! YOU THREW QUITE A SCARE INTO US, SOLDIER! THANKS TO YOU AND RUNT, WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

A DAY LATER, THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

THE A.R FORCE GOT YOUR REPORT. I JUST RECEIVED WORD--THE COMMIE BATTERY HAS BEEN WIPED OUT, THANKS TO YOU TWO! ***WELL DONE!***

RUNT AND TOODLES ARE GOOD SHIPMATES--BOTH OF 'EM! Y'KNOW, JOE--I THOUGHT THOSE DIVE BOYS HAD IT EASY! BUT, NOW... I'LL TAKE A FOXHOLE ***ANY*** TIME.

The End

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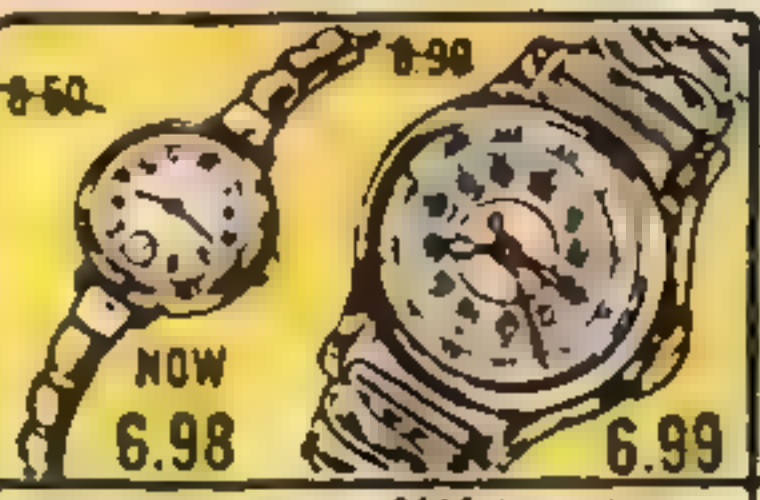

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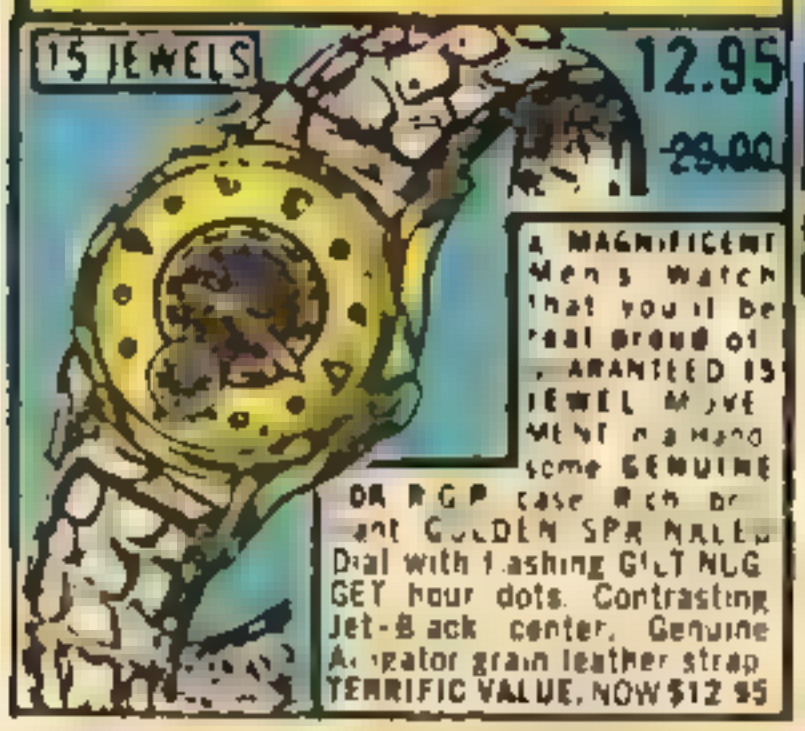

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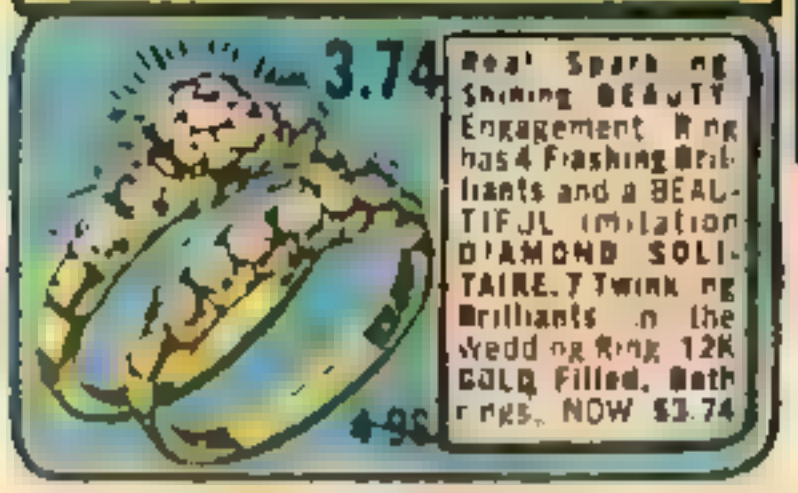

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G.I. Joe

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